

# The TATLER

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and BYSTANDER

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# THE TATLER and BYSTANDER

LONDON  
MARCH 17, 1948

Two Shillingf  
Vol. CLXXXVII. No. 2436



Dorothy Wilding

**H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET**, who is seen in the beautiful dress she wore as bridesmaid at her sister's wedding, will celebrate her eighteenth birthday in August. The King and Queen have decided that she is competent to carry out official engagements of her own, the first having been her very successful visit to Belfast last autumn, when she launched a liner. The first this year took place yesterday when, as Colonel-in-Chief of the Highland Light Infantry, she accepted the Freedom of the City of Glasgow on behalf of the 2nd Battalion of that regiment



# Some Portraits in Print

Being the lucubrations of your most obedient scribe, Mr. Gordon Becklef

**I**KNEW a man who on leaving the staff of a generous-hearted young rajah was given a dancing girl as a tip.

"She wore a lovely gold ring through her nose," he alleged, "but as we couldn't get it off I had to tell his Highness that English officers never accepted tips."

Tipping continues to present problems equally as complicated and in this merry month another chapter opens in the long story of persecution.

Once upon a time you called for the score, and in your honest English fashion queried it, laid out the necessary silver and gold and added what you thought the servitor was worth. The French sensibly called it a "*pourboir*" and the Germans in "*trinkgeld*" used the same phrase. Why we called it a "tip" I have never been able to discover—it is probably eighteenth-century slang.

Oddly enough, it seems to have been the French, in one of their irritating fits of misplaced logic, who began to complicate the issue. The ten per cent service charge soon became merely a general surcharge having nothing to do with actual "service," and certainly did not curb the human instinct to pay more for extra services rendered. One continued to tip the *sommelier* (in Vienna one used to tip about five at a time, from the *ober* down to the little *piccolo*) and a Continental hotel bill began to have some hieroglyphic interest.

There were apt to be pretty little stamps, a *taxe de séjour*, a *taxe de luxe*, a *taxe de ville*, a service charge of fifteen per cent, a note that the *concierge* was not included in this distribution of largesse, and the whole was totted up in violet ink in the cryptic handwriting employed by Continental hotel clerks.

The latest English contribution to the lore of tipping is the new "authorized surcharge" which began on the first of this month. The official Whitehall price for a meal is 5s., with let us say an "authorized house charge" of 3s., and often a little item which might be read as "couvert."

Our new burden is due to the increased wages scale of the "catering workers" (what a phrase, like "nutritional intake!") which is promptly passed on to the consumer, at the rate of 6d. in every five shillings, as "authorized surcharge."

A bill for two of a few shillingworth of Government-subsidized food, plus a modicum of Government-bartered wine, may quite

easily become £2, upon which 4s. is paid towards the staff's wages and at least 5s. towards the staff's further income—as a "tip."

For the "authorized surcharge" embraces all drinks, and upon wines the restaurateurs are already doing quite well. A bottle authorized by the Government at a maximum of 8s. 6d. retail and 12s. 6d. in restaurants is sold *en carafe* at the rate of at least a pound a bottle.

Sooner or later somebody will have to thrash the matter out.

One embarrassment is often that a hotel visitor is uncertain as to how the service charge alone works. One of the more interesting but debatable systems now used is a *tronc* guaranteed at, say, 5s. a unit by the management, with sixty per cent to the restaurant staff, twenty per cent to the upstairs staff and twenty per cent to the hall.

The restaurant manager is fixed at thirty units weekly and a page boy at two units.

And where does the cocktail shaker come into all this? The man who, because he wears a white coat, expects a tip; indeed, needs one; I know a West End barman who pays his "employers" each week to keep his job.

This white coat of office is something of a curiosity. Tips of this class are graded in a topsy-turvy way. If the price of a drink is reasonable, the place quiet and modest—no tip seems required; if the price of the drink is outrageous—a tip is certainly required.

**O**NE form of tipping has declined.

Surely the modern school-boy cannot derive the same satisfaction as we got from a nice golden, tangible tip before the days of paper money.

Sir Gerald du Maurier kept up this form of tipping to the year of his death (in 1934) but it was more usually his lady friends who benefited.

"Dear Gerald has just given me a sovereign," they would cry, "Dear Gerald!"

Du Maurier liked being paid in gold. On what I believe to be his first as well as last provincial tour he stipulated that his large salary should be paid to him promptly on "ghost walking" night in sovereigns—and on one occasion the management had to send to a city a hundred miles away to keep this clause in the contract.

Myself, I prefer the old-fashioned, straightforward tip, as employed by Mr. John D. Rockefeller I, who never gave more than a ten cent tip (knowing well that the dime would be resold at \$10 as a curiosity).

**T**HE wave of brutish, violent and would-be sadistic films seems not to be diminishing, while still causing pained surprise to many kindly folk.

One fear is that the minds of the dear little children might be affected by these orgies of savagery on the screen; I wonder.

There is a popular opera which has long been a favourite of mine. It deals very largely with cannibalism and the incineration of human beings while they are still alive. This charming work, in various forms, has also long been a favourite with infants from about three years upwards and is known most often as *Hansel and Gretel*.

Consider the plot: the two children wander into the wood and fall into the hands of an evil woman who puts them into a pen for fattening up, having a taste for *enfant en casserole*. The little darlings escape, and repay the compliment by pushing the witch into her own oven, turning it up to about No. 12 on the dial, and, by the time Humpdink's score is ready, she is baked to a rich, crisp brown. Whereupon little Hansel and Gretel produce all their little friends and dance around in delight at the sight of an elderly woman turned to a biscuit.

Such is the story of *Hansel and Gretel* and, if it has had an unfortunate effect on some adolescent Teutonic minds, it must have also given innocent pleasure to millions of the children of happier races.

Once I did see this story cause visible distress. It was at the Metropolitan Opera in New York on a Christmas Day, and when the witch was thrown into a steaming oven, a child in the stage box jumped up and howled. It was the infant of Miss Louise Homer, who happened to be singing the rôle (it is usually sung by a man) and I think such distress was but natural.

Most of the fairy stories attributed to the brothers Grimm are replete with violence, butchery and mayhem. In contrast there are two of the most delightful



tales ever written in *The Sleeping Beauty* and *Cinderella*, both from the pen of the seventeenth-century French lawyer Charles Perrault. How rich a man would M. Perrault be to-day if he had collected on all the times that the Cinderella theme has been employed! Hollywood alone would have made him a millionaire.

Perhaps there will come a day when one of the two books which have just been giving me such mixed pleasure will also be classed as a children's fairy tale; indeed, I am not sure that it does not already qualify. This is *The Loved One*, the second of Mr. Evelyn Waugh's very-short-novels in three months, which Miss Elizabeth Bowen reviews elsewhere in this issue.

The elfin Mr. Waugh appears to have spent most of his visit to Hollywood not up with the stars but down among the dead men in Forest Lawns cemetery.

I can but add that I know of at least half a dozen in Hollywood who are likely to receive this Grimm-like tale of local burial customs with less mirth than it deserves.

My second book is more assuredly in the category of childish fun and games. *The Farce of Fashion*\* is based on the old fireside pastime of drawing a head on a piece of paper, folding and passing it to your neighbour to draw in the trunk and pass it on again. A visual version of the game of "Consequences."

A big-game hunter and ski-ing champion called James Riddle and a brilliant young artist by the name of John Berry have worked on this theme to produce one of the funniest playthings of its kind I have seen for a long time. There are fourteen pages of pictures (starting with Adam and Eve) which can be turned into some two hundred different combinations of dress.

(Once again it is shown that while the completely nude can be respectable to the point of dullness the partially clad is nearly always suggestive.)

*The Farce of Fashion* should lie open in the salons of Messrs. Norman Hartnell, Stiebel, Rahvis, Digby Morton *et cie* to instruct and warn customers what a silly thing dress can be.

From what I hear coming from those exalted spheres, the present vogue is not likely to be with us too long.

I have an open mind on the whole matter. I asked whether I like the new length, I first ascertain the questioner's own views, then heartily agree.

The only thing that stirs me—to anger—is the vulgar application of that silly phrase, the "N-w-k" to everything from cabbages to kings.

John Berry is a young artist in the middle twenties who went to night art school in London before the war and has promise of a versatility of style somewhat reminiscent of the late lamented Rex Whistler.

He was an R.A.F. corporal in the Middle East when Tedder appointed him his personal "war artist," and did a number of portraits of considerable quality. The next time that Tedder inquired after the progress of his protégé he was told that he had been transferred to the Royal Welch Fusiliers.

My naïve enthusiasm on rediscovering the glory of the Henry VII chapel in Westminster Abbey prompted a Canadian in London to pay a visit last Sunday.

She went to morning service and stayed on. When she asked the way she was reproved: "Oh, we never open Henry the Seventh on a Sunday."

"But why not—isn't the Royal Air Force shrine there?"

"Yes, miss, but we can't have visitors getting in the way on a Sunday."

Which seems to me odd.

\* *The Farce of Fashion* by James Riddle & John Berry (Riddle Books Ltd. 7s. 6d.).



## Spring Song: "IN A FURNISHED HOUSE"

Up, up, up! Pup, to your gambols!  
Chew the chairs—the rent is high;  
Make the sitting-room a shambles;  
Up, up, pup! For Spring is nigh!  
Up, pup, up!  
Pup, up!

Up, up, up! Pup wreck the garden;  
Crisply bite the butcher's boy;  
He is tender—soon he'll harden;  
Up, up, pup! Ah, Spring is joy!  
Up, pup, up!  
Pup, up!

Up, up, up! Pup, fully-fashioned  
Ladder nylons on the calf;  
Eat the next-door neighbour's dachshund;  
Up, up, pup! Spring is a laugh!  
Up, pup, up!  
Pup, up!

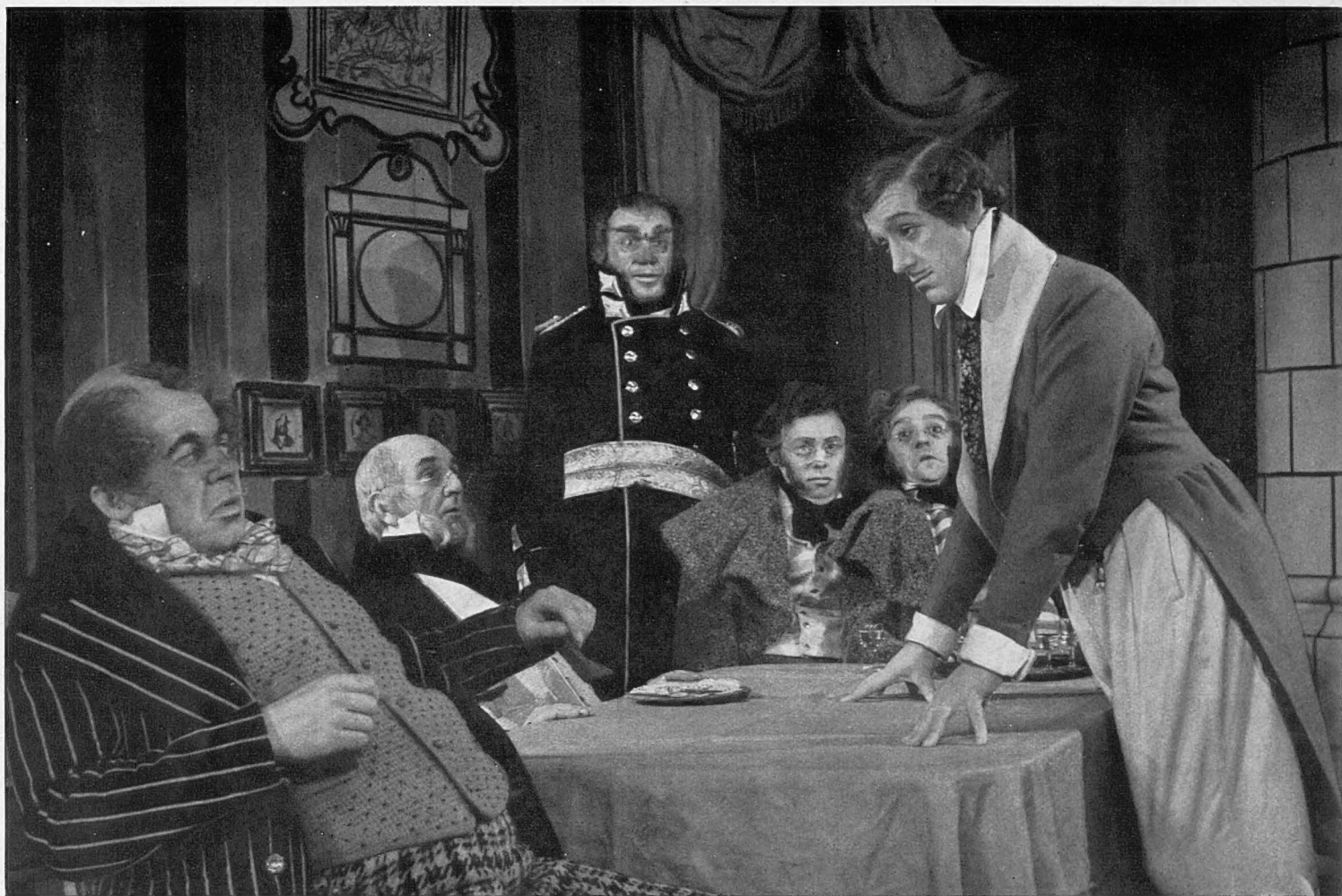
Up, up, up! Pup, rend the curtain;  
Coat with hairs the plush settee;  
Spring is flitting—that is certain—  
Up, up, pup! And so are we!  
Up, pup, up!  
Pup, up!

—Justin Richardson



F. J. Goodman

**APRIL BRIDE** Miss Anne Marie Worthington, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Worthington of The Grange, Far Headingley, Leeds who is engaged to marry next month, Mr. George Sheldon Patterson, elder son of Sir John and Lady Patterson, Park Holme, Penrith. Mr. Patterson was aide-de-camp to Lt.-General Percival during the war, while he was G.O.C. of Malaya. He is now Private Secretary to the Rt. Hon. Malcolm MacDonald, Governor-General of Malaya



John Vickers

**"THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR"** Hlestakov (Alec Guinness): "I even put the fear of God into the Privy Council." Carried away by his own eloquence and too much wine, Hlestakov, the little clerk, who is taken by the town dignitaries for the Government Inspector, boasts of his imaginary exploits in St. Petersburg to the School Superintendent (Michael Raghan), the Mayor (Bernard Miles), Bobchinsky (John Ganley), and Dobchinsky (Kenneth Connor) in the Old Vic Theatre Company's lively production at the New Theatre

## ~~~~~The Gossip Backstage~~~~~

**T**OO busily occupied to attend the opening night of *I Remember Mama* at the Aldwych, John Van Druten hopes to see the London production of his long-running Broadway success in two or three months time. On his American farm he is writing the screen outline of his play *The Druid's Circle* and he may have to write the script. He is also working on a stage adaptation of E. F. Benson's novel *Lucia* for the Theatre Guild and, according to a letter just received by Mady Christians, she is toying with an idea for a further play.

Miss Christians, who has made such an endearing figure of "Mama," tells me that Kathryn Forbes who wrote the book on which the play is based founded the character on that of her grandmother who came from Norway to settle in America.

**O**PERAGOERS will be interested to hear that when the autumn season opens at Sadler's Wells the first new production will be *Simon Boccanegra*, the only opera of Verdi's middle-period that has never been performed in this country. Yet it was one of Verdi's favourite works.

It was composed in 1857 and drastically revised in 1881 and for the English production a new translation has been prepared by Norman Tucker, chairman of the opera directorate.

Mr. Tucker, by the way, is a man of versatile talents who won many honours at his university and in music, studied for the piano under Egon Petri and Harold Samuels, made his professional debut in 1936 and in 1938 became a professor at the Royal College of Music. During the war he served at the Treasury as private secretary to

three Chancellors. In 1946 he returned to concert work but had to abandon it after injuring his right hand.

**T**HE title of the comedy which Noel Langley has based upon the novel *The Cabbage Patch* has now been changed to *Mixed Blessings* and, presented by Linnit and Dunfee, it opens at the Ambassadors on April 8.

The same management is now casting William Douglas Home's *Ambassador Extraordinary* but so far no suitable young actor has been found to play the leading part, that of an envoy who comes from another planet. I am told that it gives a remarkable chance to the right man.

**V**AL PARNELL has cause to be pleased with the success of his variety bill at the Palladium. Martha Raye, the boisterous film comedienne, Carmen Miranda, the Brazilian bombshell and the Andrews Sisters are among his future bookings.

**M**ISS ROMILLY CAVAN's comedy, *Royal Circle*, in which Ralph Richardson, Lilian Braithwaite and Meriel Forbes are starring, opens in Manchester on Easter Monday and after visiting Liverpool will be seen in the West End during April.

The play is set in the mythical country of Lotavarnie in the near future. Sir Ralph (who is producing) plays King Marcus, a suave and good-humoured monarch who at the outset starts what proves to be an exciting holiday at his summer palace. Lilian Braithwaite plays the imperious Queen Mother and Meriel Forbes (Lady Richardson) is the King's mistress. David Hutcheson,

John Turnbull, Jessica Spencer, John Salew, Frederick Richter, Lyndon Brook, Meadows White and Anne Butchart have other important rôles.

**I**T has not taken Yolande Donlan long, who, after making such a big hit in *Born Yesterday* returned to New York, to find her way back to London where this week she opens in *Rocket to the Moon*, one of the best of Clifford Odets's later successes.

This comedy about the rivalry over a dentist's secretary (Miss Donlan) is directed by Peter Cotes and is being presented in association with Jack Hylton who much admired his work in *Pick-Up Girl* and Priestley's *The Long Mirror*. The cast includes Ronald Simpson, Hugh Miller and Richard Anger, a young American actor.

**I**HEAR that London Films and the Rank Organization are angling for several of the artists now appearing in *The Gorbals Story* at the Garrick. Not so long ago these young people were just Glasgow amateurs. Negotiations are also in hand for making a film of the play.

**J**AMES BAILEY whose décor for three large-scale productions at Covent Garden—*Giselle*, *Manon* and *Rigoletto*—established him as an outstanding stage designer, has designed the birthday production of *Hamlet* at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon on April 23. Robert Helpmann and Paul Schofield will alternate the name part while Diana Wynyard, Anthony Quayle and Esmond Knight are also in the cast.

Details as to period and style are being kept secret but I gather the conception is to be in the romantic vein.

**Beaumont Kent**

*"I Remember Mama"*

(Aldwych)

*At the Theatre**"The Shoemaker's Holiday"*

(O.U.D.S.)

It is hard to forgive Mr. Van Druten. He has put all his professional cunning at the service of a little story which plays unscrupulously on our most sacred emotions. We are asked to remember Mama—and to grow "weepy" as our enchanted memories of childhood reveal her unfailing goodness.

It is Mama as we should remember her if our family had happened to be poor Norwegians settled in San Francisco. There she is—a beautiful picture of unruffled patience in a beautiful golden frame of sentiment. She is denying herself the fur coat of her dreams that she may buy our footwear. She is telling fine "white fibs" about a non-existent bank account that we may feel a little more socially secure. She is coping with tiresomely comic aunts and terrifying uncles. She is nursing our pet animals back to life when others would have them destroyed. She is selling a precious brooch that our graduation present shall be one on which we have extravagantly set our hearts. She is bravely evading hospital regulations that she may be at our bedside when we are sick. Dear, wonderful Mama, that is nearly all we remember of her, but she was always like that.

OUT of these golden memories and a few eccentric characters Mr. Van Druten, taking the material from a novel by Miss Kathryn Forbes, makes a play which invariably succeeds in its seemingly simple bids for tears and

laughter. As a story it is quite boneless. It seems to consist entirely of sentiment, yet of sentiment so cunningly presented that it comes warmly home to the heart. Miss Mady Christians is producer and leading actress, making a superb thing of both difficult jobs. Mr. Frederick Valk is extremely amusing as the bellowing, terrifying, scandalous, philanthropic uncle, and Miss Adrienne Gessner exquisitely right as the little old maid who marries a mouse of a mortician in a moving flood of gratitude and pride. For all the hard things that have been said about this piece, it will probably run for a thousand and one nights.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

THERE is no evidence to show that Master Dekker, that notable hack, knocked up *The Shoemaker's Holiday* for the O.U.D.S. of 1599, but it would not be surprising if Henslowe had, in fact, remarked, "Tom, we look like playing Oxford next month. You might apply your mind to a good old romp where we can rope in a dozen or so students as extras and small-part men. You know the sort of thing—plenty of character, a bit of Cockney, some comic Dutchmen, and space for a song or two and a Morris dance while you're about it."

After three and a half centuries, the play remains the very perfect paddock for young actors to display their paces, for there are a dozen or so respectable parts in which a colt might kick his

heels with an air and without harm to his fellows, whilst the overall requirement is precisely what this production has in abundance—a non-stop zest to carry the audience over the thin patches of plot and verbiage.

TO the outsider the main interest of any O.U.D.S. production is the query, "What promise lies here? Is there a young Garrick or even a possible Olivier amongst the newcomers?"

It would be a bold tipster who would venture a cocksure reply, but Mr. Arthur Ashby of Exeter plays Simon Eyre with an impish authority sufficient to suggest the makings of an able Shakespearean clown, if Messrs. The Old Vic ever happen to be in need of one, and David Hunter of Trinity (Hodge) with Robert Hardy of Magdalen (Firk) might well be asked to attend the audition.

Mr. Brian Eccles of Christ Church gives the King an amused and amusing distinction which merits the attention of a management in search of a juvenile lead or a compère. These are names for any talent scout's notebook.

Finally, Miss Audrey Dunlop's setting, particularly the simple scene-changing device, needs no allowances, only commendation: it made the recent somewhat arty-crafty London version look as if it had been designed for a bunch of amateurs.

P. Y. C.



Sketches by Tom Tilt

*The Good Fellows of the Gentle Craft* assembled for their holiday romp include (centre) Simon Eyre (Arthur Ashby), with Roger (David Hunter) backing him up, and (above) Rowland Lucy (Glynne Wickham) together with the Lord Mayor (Daniel Nicholas), the Earl of Lincoln (Peter Heyworth), his daughter and her serving-maid (Judy King and Elizabeth Blair) and—but let that pass—Dame Margery (Jennifer Ramage) in the righthand corner

Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations  
by Hoffnung]

# At The Pictures

## The Lunatic Fringe

**E**ITHER me or the whole world is absolutely insane." In these words one of the characters in *The Lady from Shanghai* accurately if ungrammatically summarized my own inescapable conclusion after watching the week's new films, British, American and French.

Sadists, spivs, quack psychiatrists and murderous musicians have become familiar, almost homely figures on the screen. The aggregate of decadent neurotics, warped minds in deformed bodies (to quote one synopsis), nitwits in shapely bodies, human sharks, repressed and unrepressed nymphomaniacs, whom we meet in *The Lady from Shanghai*, *Idol of Paris* and *Le Corbeau*, provide as uncomfortably demented company as I hope never again to see gathered together in three films.

**T**AKEN singly, the pictures are of very varying quality. At the Gaumont, Haymarket, and Marble Arch Pavilion, Rita Hayworth in *The Lady from Shanghai* sounds conventional enough. This is the film, however, made by Hollywood's highbrow enfant terrible, Orson Welles, during the time he was married to Miss Hayworth.

Marital romance (we must presume) inspired him to reduce the vivid, vital Miss Hayworth to the type of platinum blonde gentlemen are supposed to prefer—if the lady had not evidently been dropped during her Far Eastern infancy.

Mr. Welles himself, as tough Irish Mike (the accent is nobly sustained) first spots the Lady driving in a hansom in Central Park and allows himself to be lured into signing on as a member of the crew on her husband's yacht. Mike, it turns out, has a few lingering scruples: he will murder only on behalf of the Left. Nobody else in the picture has any.

Setting out with the Lady on the Caribbean cruise, are her crippled husband, America's most successful criminal lawyer (Everett Sloane is horribly effective); and the husband's hysterical partner, George, played with a maniacal laugh by Glenn Anders. Their relations are well diagnosed by Mike in a harangue on deck about a school of sharks he once saw go crazy and try to eat each other and then themselves. "I have never seen anything like it," he concludes his sermon, "until this evening."

**B**y the end of the picture I could easily believe him. What it is all meant to be about I could not pretend to guess. Mr. Welles's fame (except as an actor) has always seemed to me to be based on unsure foundations, his originality and eccentricity to be trick substitutes for good solid film construction. The first hour of *The Lady from Shanghai* I found nasty and boring—except for a tryst in an aquarium where the background of moving fishes affords a certain precious amusement; the last twenty minutes nasty and exciting. But for excitement Mr. Welles has recourse to proven situations: the court scene which, as court scenes go, goes with a bang; the rough-house, with Mike breaking out of the courtroom and, like Samson, pulling down the law library on the law officers;

and the final holocaust where the last two sharks polish each other off in the "Crazy House" of an amusement park. Multiple mirrors, giant eyes in the ceiling, work up a nightmare frenzy labelled outside in crazy lettering, "FUN! Fun!"

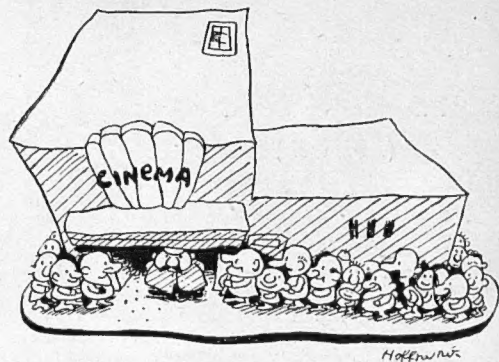
But haven't we seen it all before? My memory does not go back to the earliest German cinema, but I once saw *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*.

**A**NOTHER baffling director, is the Frenchman, Henri-Georges Clouzot, who seems to have acquired all the know-how of film making without finding out what to film. His previous picture shown in London, *Quai des Orfèvres*, was a finely made trite French melodrama of backstage love and jealousy. Now in *Le Corbeau*, of which he is part-author as well as director, he makes the mistake of combining a poison-pen melodrama with the serious problem: whether to save mother or child.

Perhaps nobody, known intimately, is quite normal. Reason, however, rejects the probability of a French village containing in one social circle: a poison pen; a brain surgeon who masquerades as a country G.P. dedicated to saving mothers first; a limping nymphomaniac (Ginette Leclerc), sister to the headmaster in the school where the doctor lodges; a senile psychiatrist and his girl wife, whose sister is one of those repressed jealous nurses. These suspects or victims of the anonymous letters signed "Le Corbeau" should be enough to suggest that, although the acting and Clouzot's use of visual and aural image to contrive living drama—in the nurse's cloak flapping crow-like out of the village away from the fury of the crowd, the jangle of children's voices on breaking nerves—although these are magnificent, they cannot be described as fun.

**N**EITHER is *The Idol of Paris* at the Warner fun, though supremely ridiculous. One of the characters again sums up the film nicely for me when he clasps the indomitable heroine's hand and offers as consolation, "Nothing is so bad that it can't be worse. This is."

Perhaps I am exceptionally ignorant, but I had never heard of "the world-famous novel by Alfred Schirokauer" called *Piava*, *Queen of Love*, on which the caption tells us the film is based. Piava (Beryl Baxter) I gather was born Teresa, a Breslau ragpicker's daughter speaking immaculate Elstree English. She elopes to Moscow with a young boor, accepts fur coats and jewels from him but keeps him at arm's length until even she is compelled to wonder whether he ever really applied for the marriage certificate. Saved by a well-timed interruption from much worse than death and stripped of her unearned fur coat, she has then to be saved from death in the snow by a tubercular tailor called Ann-Toine (Andrew Osborn). Ann-Toine marries her, but he is the self-sacrificing type: content to spend the nights sitting on a hard kitchen chair; to sew with his own hands the finery in which to send her to the concert; and to throw himself in the river so that



she can marry the pianist on the strength of a frantic battle of flowers and eyes across the orchestra well.

**S**o far, it is quite possible to laugh off the idiocy. Once we reach Paris, it becomes malignant. At her first sight of Cora Pearl (Christine Norden), Teresa has to have the *demi-monde* translated to her, "A half-world of lovely exciting women"; to which she counters naïvely: "But what do they do?" Soon disposing of the pianist, she marries a Marquis of Piava on a strictly barter basis of his title for a share in her profits as a café-violinist; and by the end of the picture, has worked her way to the position of Cora's rival as "queen of the half-world," amassing a salon-full of expensive perquisites without the expenditure of even a kiss in return. Even the Emperor's favour she repays only with a lecture on going back to the Empress Eugénie.

The contest between this paragon of prurient purity and Cora is settled, after preliminary skirmishings, by formal duel with the "not very ladylike" weapon of whips—a scene of would-be vice all the more embarrassing because of its schoolgirl silliness.

This was not, I think, the film turned down by Margaret Lockwood, though it might well have been. Miss Beryl Baxter is an all too adequate substitute: platitudes drip as easily from her lips, and she displays the same enviable complacency, however dire the circumstances.

I felt sorry for any member of the cast who tried to maintain a sense of revival, character or self-respect.

If R. J. Minney and Leslie Arliss—"the team which made *The Wicked Lady*"—indulge in this kind of thing as a leg-pull, they show scant respect for their audience or their actors; if seriously, none for themselves or British films.

After the dementia and distaste of the rest of a nightmare week, Roger Livesey's Colonel Blimp seemed the most sane and comforting company imaginable; and the revival of his *Life and Death*, at the Tatler, a fit occasion to lament the dual loss to British studios since then of good taste and of Deborah Kerr.

**P**OSTSCRIPT: Paul Rotha and Arthur Calder-Marshall write protesting that my review oversimplified their propaganda message on famine and FAO in *The World is Rich*. Their own picture was surely a brilliant over-simplification of the whole problem. Precisely therefore it seemed significant that they could spare such disproportionate prominence for the portrayal of—I must repeat—"capitalists, imperialists and black marketeers . . . the rich who eat in restaurants" and similar enemies of the people as the guilty men behind world famine; especially if what they meant to say was that food shortage is "due to faults (a) in distribution; (b) in production." It is superfluous for them to remind me that "the U.S.A. is the most important single nation sponsoring FAO." All through their film, I kept remembering that the FAO plans outlined in it could not be carried out without United States financial help, and pondering why the film, instead of acknowledging this pertinent fact, indulged in subtle vilification of—to quote myself again—"the hand that is keeping famine from our own door."

**MADY CHRISTIANS**, who is appearing at the Aldwych Theatre in *I Remember Mama* by John Van Druten, has more than repeated the overwhelming success she made in this play in New York. Viennese-born, and star of many silent films in Germany, she first went to America when she was twelve and appeared at the Irving Place Theatre, of which her father was the manager. She returned to Vienna in 1917 and studied under Max Reinhardt, afterwards acting in his productions in Germany. She came back to America in 1931, where her stage successes included *Heartbreak House*, *Hamlet* and *Watch on the Rhine*, and among her American films are *Tender Comrade* and *Address Unknown*. She played her part in *I Remember Mama* 978 times in America, and during its run she directed plays for the Equity Library Theatre. She has also been appointed Professor of Selective English at Columbia University



*George Bilaukin.*

## AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



*H.E. Mrs. Leif Egeland,  
wife of the Commissioner  
for South Africa*

THOUSANDS of men and women in Great Britain and in Northern Europe have already been approved for aided emigration to the Union of South Africa. Thousands more await the opportunity of traveling to this El Dorado, so soon as shipping facilities, housing prospects and suitable posts permit. Of course, any natural-born British citizen is free to go to South Africa, and many have taken their capital there, but others prefer to make sure of the advantages offered to useful but impecunious persons like artisans.

Newly appointed High Commissioner for the Union in Great Britain, His Excellency Mr. Leif Egeland, is a notable example of immigrant made good, for his father, timber merchant and deep sea fisheries expert, left southern Norway only seventy years ago in a vessel that took ninety days for the adventure. The father became consul for Norway about fifty years ago (for a time acting also for Sweden), and the new Commissioner in London served for a while as his vice-consul.

LEIF EGELAND, fair-haired, obviously Scandinavian, tall, muscular, heavily built, at forty-five scarcely suggests the collector of academic honours, but he had a notable career at Oxford, as a Rhodes Scholar. Philip Kerr, later Lord Lothian, had said, "Oxford is good at the beginning and end, but not the middle." Egeland resigned a fellowship at Brasenose, and finished tutoring on constitutional law at Oriel, to study the Negro problem from a second-hand car in the southern American States, thanks to the Rhodes and Carnegie funds. He had already been called to the Bar, having studied at the Middle Temple, and been awarded sundry prizes. He then visited Japan for three weeks and, with yet another scholarship, studied trends in Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda.

In March 1931, having been away over six years, Egeland returned home and worked humbly as an articulated clerk for eighteen months, passed more examinations and could practise as solicitor and barrister. He won a seat for the Smuts-Hertzog alignment, the South African party, but after the 1938 general election, lost it in Durban.

In November 1939 he joined up as a gunner. His predecessor as High Commissioner in London, representative then for Zululand, a constituency with polling stations 250 miles apart, became a Senator. Egeland won the by-election, and appeared in uniform during the Parliamentary recess. He went on courses, and finished up in Egypt as Assistant Judge Advocate-General. He was called from the desert to be Minister in Stockholm. The Egelands were popular, for he speaks fluent Norwegian and Swedish, and his wife flawless Dutch.

EGELAND accompanied Smuts to San Francisco conferences, and was delegate at U.N. in London and at the League of Nations farewell in Geneva. He startled fellow-members as chairman of the Political and Territorial Commission on Italy in Paris by calling on Molotov and the redoubtable Vishinsky to speak—in Russian. (But Vishinsky created Afrikaans history by proposing a vote of thanks to Egeland in the near-Dutch dialect!)

Egeland has a magnificent library of books (with jackets retained), walks about with the air of a man in a hurry. He is, as I have said, only forty-five.



*Major and Mrs. W. Forbes were among the large number of guests*



*Mrs. Leonard Plugge, Mrs. Guy Gibson and Capt. Leonard Plugge*

## Wedding of Captain Bankier and Mrs. E. Lyle

The Reception at Claridge's



*The bridegroom, Capt. M. A. Bankier, late Welsh Guards, and his bride, Mrs. Emilia Lyle, widow of Major Robin Lyle (late Scottish Horse)*



*Lady Honor Llewellyn and Lady Gloria Fisher, who are daughters of the Earl of Lisburne*



*Capt. Rhidian Llewellyn, son-in-law of the Earl of Lisburne, and Mrs. R. Paget-Cooke*



*Mrs. V. Eady, G/Capt. W. Wilson, Miss Betty Sale and Mr. V. Cornelius*



*Col. Gerald Critchley lights a cigarette for Mrs. W. A. Syrge*

## Priscilla in Paris

### Spring Prospect



IT is amazing how bright one feels after a day or so of sunshine, as the slush through which one has been wading for the past week floods away into the gurgling sewers. The Town Council big-wigs had a lovely time trying out the costly, automobile snow-sweepers in which they (or rather, we) have invested. It was great: the snow piled up in lovely, whipped-cream banks on either side of their passage. Unfortunately, they also swept up most of the metal studs that mark the street crossings, as well as tearing out some of the wooden paving blocks . . . so they have been returned to their garage for repairs, alterations and other improvements. Maybe the snow will oblige, later, when they are ready for further demonstrations. After all, history tells us that the Grand Prix was once run in a snowstorm.

PARIS is making grand preparations for the tourists it hopes to welcome this spring. It is rumoured that the Fêtes committee is thinking of asking that grand old dramatist and ex-diplomat, M. Paul Claudel, to take the helm in organising all the festivities that will take place. The climax of these gay doings will be the famous annual Bal des Petits Tits Blancs, though one is not sure where it will take place since the usual spectacular setting of the Grand Opera House is no longer available, the dance floor having been condemned as unsafe.

If M. Claudel takes matters in hand one is sure that there will be no banana-peel-orange-skin-greasy-paper gathering. On the other hand, one wonders whether the eminent author of *l'Otage*, *l'Annonce faite à Marie* and, more recently, *Le Soulier de Satin*, together with so many other high-brow chefs d'œuvre, will be quite the right man for a job that needs a C. B. Cochran and whether a certain amount of austerity may not creep into the proceedings. However, there is no doubt of the warmth of the welcome which Paris means to give its visitors, both on practical and sentimental grounds.

HAPPY was the party that Suzy Solidor gave for the "varnishing ceremony" of the 118th portrait for which she has posed since she made her first great hit in the cabaret world. As one of her friends remarked: "The girl's not a singer, she's a gallery!" The street outside the Club de l'Opéra was chock-a-block with C.D. cars. All the South American republics were present and quite a few European. I also saw Mme. Edouard Bourdet, Louise de Vilmorin, Alice Cocéa, Mme. Idekowsky, and many other dear dames, all tricked out with the nioulouque (this is what Paris has made of the words: "new look"! ) as well as Francis Poulenc, Dr. William Douglas and his lovely Canadian wife, Daisy de Marcado, and Jeanne Aubert. Suzy Solidor's publet is certainly one of the most popular night clubs of the moment. Her songs and the amusing back-chat of her team mate, Henri Bry, form one of the best late-evening entertainments one can see.

## Voilà!

René Paul tells the tale of how he was in a bookshop last week when one of the Recent Rich came in and asked the bookseller to send him ten yards of books. "But we do not sell books by the yard, Monsieur!" said the astonished man. "Why not?" growled the R.R. "My wife's just bought a Number-XVI-Louis bookcase, two yards wide and with five shelves. She wants books to fill it!"



One of the earliest point-to-point meetings of the season was that of the Cambridgeshire Harriers, at Cottenham, Cambs. It was favoured with delightfully mild and sunny weather, and many parties of spectators enjoyed alfresco lunches, including Mr. and Mrs. Merton Jones (in front) and Mr. and Mrs. J. Burr

## Cambridgeshire Harriers Point-to-Point



Mrs. A. J. Sellar, a cousin of the Duchess of Gloucester, with Mr. H. Leader and Mr. R. J. Colling, the trainers



Miss S. Reading, with Mr. T. Cartridge, one of the riders. Some very exciting finishes were seen at this good meeting



The Hon. Charity Harbord-Hamond, daughter of Lord Suffield, Miss Susan Fry, Major S. Johnson and the Hon. Penelope Harbord-Hamond



Mrs. George Archibald was found discussing the well-filled programme with Mrs. Ryan Jarvis, wife of the trainer



Mrs. R. B. Taylor, Jack Pickford, huntsman of the Suffolk, and Mr. R. B. Taylor, joint-Master of the Suffolk



Mr. and Mrs. Robert Callaby and Mr. and Mrs. John Colliver, who were also among those who watched the 'chasing'



H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh recently visited the four-masted barque Pamir, from New Zealand, lying in Shadwell Dock, and showed the greatest interest in this fine "windjammer." The master, Capt. H. S. Collier, is here pointing out to them on a chart the position in which the Royal wedding broadcast was received, while Mrs. Collier and the Chief Officer, Mr. Andrew Keyworth, look on. Afterwards, the visitors saw a sail unfurled, and had tea on board, made in the ship's galley

*Janifer writes*

## HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

**P**LANS for the celebration of Their Majesties' Silver Wedding anniversary next month are taking shape, and the evening party which the King and Queen will hold at Buckingham Palace on the evening following the anniversary will be one of the most important functions of the year. Many personal friends of the King and Queen will be sending them gifts in the traditional silver appropriate for this happy occasion, and I hear there is talk among the Diplomatic Corps about the presentation of a combined gift in silver from all Ambassadors and Ministers and Heads of Mission.

Two visits by the Queen to Covent Garden to hear Wagner have added a Royal cachet to the season there. Princess Margaret, who accompanied Her Majesty on both occasions, is growing more and more interested in music and seems likely to become a real opera-lover.

**F**IELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT ALEXANDER OF TUNIS, Governor-General of Canada, and Viscountess Alexander are likely to fly over from Ottawa next month, I hear, to enable the Field Marshal to be invested by the King with the Order of the Garter awarded him nearly two years ago, and to attend the installation of Garter Knights at Windsor on St. George's Day, when Princess Elizabeth will also take her stall as a Lady of the Most Noble Order. Earl Mountbatten of Burma would also like to attend the installation and take his seat in his stall at St. George's Chapel, but in present circumstances he cannot leave his post as Governor-General of India. Original plans were for the Mountbattens to leave India altogether in the middle of April, but at the urgent request of the Indian Government, Lord Mountbatten is remaining in Delhi until some time in June.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, wearing her long, brown corduroy coat with a scarlet hat trimmed with long coq feathers, attended the wedding at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, of Lord Cornwallis and Esmé Lady Walker, widow of Sir Robert Walker, and afterwards went on to the small reception at Claridges, where she gave the bridegroom her wedding present of a lovely cigarette-box.

The Bishop of Rochester conducted the marriage service and gave the address. The bride, who was given away by Mr. Dennis Thompson, looked charming in a beautiful dress made of pearl-grey satin brocade with a short train, and a halo head-dress of diamonds and net to match. She wore diamond drop ear-rings and a lovely diamond necklace. The flowers in the church were beautiful, huge vases of arum lilies, white lilac, branches of white camellias with their own natural foliage, daffodils, mimosa, freesia and yellow tulips.

Vases of spring flowers were in profusion again at the reception, where guests gathered around the lovely wedding-cake, which, it will interest many readers to know, was made at Lord's by Mr. Portman, who has catered for cricketers there for the past forty-five years, and it not only looked lovely but when it was cut it was one of the most delicious wedding-cakes I have ever tasted. After the cake had been cut, the best man, Mr. Jack Reffold, proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom, to which Lord Cornwallis replied and thanked all his friends for making this such a happy day.

**I**T was one of the simplest and nicest weddings I have ever been to. Lord Cornwallis is, of course, very popular and much loved in Kent, where he has been Lord Lieutenant since 1944. His bride, who has made her home in

the neighbouring county, Sussex, is sure to be given a great welcome in Kent, where her quiet charm and warm, kindly manner will quickly endear her to everyone.

At the reception I saw Lord Cornwallis's only daughter, Rosamund, wearing a short mink coat over her dress; his mother, Mabel Lady Cornwallis; his four sisters, the Hon. Lady Cochrane, the Hon. Lady Strang Steel, the Hon. Mrs. Henry Cecil, and the Hon. Mrs. Petherick. His only brother, Cdr. the Hon. Oswald Cornwallis, was greeting many old friends with his wife; Lord and Lady Hankey were a little farther on, and Sir Henry d'Avigdor Goldsmid was accompanied by his wife. Lady Good-enough I saw without Sir William, who was probably kept at a meeting, but there were several other business colleagues of the bridegroom from Barclays Bank and the Royal Insurance at the wedding.

**O**THER guests included friends who help the bridegroom in his many interests in the county, including Mr. Platts, who is the County Clerk; Major Herbert Hatfield with his wife; W/Cdr. and Mrs. Bertram Noble (he is a leading Freemason in Kent), and Mr. Alfred Day with his wife and his brother, Capt. James Day; they both farm a big acreage in the county, and have worked indefatigably with the bridegroom for the Weald of Kent War Agricultural Committee, of which Capt. James Day is Area Chairman. The Day family have been connected with the bridegroom's family for many generations, and I was interested to hear their father rode postillion on the carriage in which the late Lord Cornwallis drove back from his wedding in 1886. There were also many of the estate staffs from both Kent and Yorkshire.

Mr. William Gill, the bride's butler for many years, came from Yorkshire with his wife, and two other old family friends were Mr. Clifton, who came up from Rugby with his wife. He had been with the bridegroom's family for many years and dressed Lord Cornwallis for his first wedding in 1917. Another guest I met was Mr. Roly Pankhurst, whose family have farmed on the Cornwallis estate for four generations. Friends from the cricketing world included Lord Harris with Lady Harris, Mr. and Mrs. William Findlay and Mr. Ronnie Aird.

Others I saw at the wedding were Lord and Lady Herbert, in attendance on the Duchess of Kent; Col. Joe Goodheart, down from Yorkshire with his attractive wife; Major and Mrs. Edward Christie Miller, and Princess Hélène de Ligne with American-born Mme. de Wouters, who was leaving for Belgium next day.

Lord and Lady Cornwallis sailed a few days later in the Queen Elizabeth for America and Bermuda, where they are spending their honeymoon. Their fellow-passengers in the Queen Elizabeth included H.M. King Michael of Rumania and his mother; Baron Robert Silvercruys, the Belgian Ambassador in Washington; Sir John and Lady Boyd-Orr, and Lady Elizabeth Cavendish.

ONCE again the three-day National Hunt meeting at Cheltenham brought together hundreds of horse-lovers. At this meeting more than any other, one sees so many hunting men and women, including Masters of Foxhounds, from all parts of the country giving up a day's hunting for a day's racing. They, of course, have the enjoyment, as at no other meeting, of seeing horses that have been hunting with their own special packs during the season, running in such races as the Kim Muir Memorial Cup and the Foxhunters' Challenge Cup, for which there were eighty-one entries.

Among the M.F.H.s I can quickly call to mind seeing at the meeting were Major Maurice Kingscote, from the Meynell country; Major Rodwell, from Warwickshire; and Mr. Laurence Wallace, that brilliant young amateur huntsman who has just taken on the Cotswold. Those famous twin Masters, the Misses Wilson, who are leaving the Cotswold this season and have taken on the High Peak Harriers, were enjoying the hospitality of Mrs. Herbert's corner box, where one gets such a wonderful view of the racing and where there is always a warm welcome for her friends from this very kind hostess, who for many years has been a keen follower of the Cotswold hounds. Her son, Major Peter Herbert, was riding at the meeting and unfortunately broke his collar-bone when Lucky Dog fell on the last day.

TRAVELLED by the special train to the race-course station, run under the newly-nationalised railways, and came back after racing on Thursday in the same comfortable way;

both journeys were excellently organised and ran up to schedule. I am sure the public, whom, I noticed, made full use of the trains both ways, appreciated the facilities in these difficult days. I began to think it was a pity racecourses were not nationalised too, when after already making a fruitless journey on the previous day to the London office where the voucher said I could get my badge for the Members', and finding they had all been sent to the racecourse, I arrived at the usual entrance from the station with my voucher and was told I had to walk up the hill through a rough field, used as a car-park, to the other entrance. Then, after standing in a long queue, I was told I could only buy a badge for one day and would have to queue again to-morrow!

On Wednesday there was great cheering when Mr. Peter Oldfield's Albor won the first race, and both the owner and Lady Elizabeth Oldfield, who was wearing a very nice suit made with the new nipped-in waist and long, full-pleated skirt, received many congratulations. There was another popular victory when that good American owner, Mr. Mellon, won the second race with Blakeley Grove. In spite of the poor visibility, many people climbed to the top of the stand to watch the four-mile National Hunt Steeplechase, which was won by Major John Anstruther-Gray's Bruno II.

NEXT day was a really glorious spring day, brilliant sunshine and wonderful visibility. H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester came racing and went down to the paddock to see the runners before the Gold Cup. Looking very well, H.R.H. wore a mink coat over her yellow dress, and with her sister was chatting to Mr. Fred Withington, Lord Willoughby de Broke and Sir Humphrey de Trafford. The Earl and Countess of Lewes and Lord and Lady Grimthorpe, the latter looking very attractive in navy blue, were also in the paddock with Sir Peter and Lady Grant Lawson, Mr. Jackie Astor, who had come to see his wife's horse, The Diver; and the tall Comte de Chambure with his wife, very chic in a mink coat and a brown-stitched velvet hat. They were there with the Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Hastings to see his mare Salmiana II., which ran very well.

The Cheltenham Gold Cup has gone to Ireland—it was won by Mr. and Mrs. Vickerman, who

live in Dublin, with their good horse Cottage Rake, from Miss Dorothy Paget's Happy Home, with Mr. Highnam's Coloured School Boy third. Both the winner, who won the Irish Cesarewitch and has useful chasing form in Ireland, and the second are by that good horse Cottage, sire of the 1946 Grand National winner. Next came the race for the Kim Muir Memorial Cup for amateur riders, in which many friends of the late Kim Muir were riding. This race was followed by the Foxhunters' Challenge Cup, also for amateur riders. This was won by Mr. Henry Llewellyn's good point-to-pointer State Control.

Among those I saw watching the racing were Lady Portman, up from Somerset with her pretty daughter Sheila; the Hon. Mrs. Garland,

Emmet, and her husband, who had flown over from Ireland and were staying with the Hon. Denzil and Mrs. Fortescue; Major and Mrs. "Copper" Blackett, who were staying at Fairford with Mr. and Mrs. Jim Crewdson; the Marchioness of Northampton, walking on the lawn with the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Hardy and Mrs. George Lowther; Lord and Lady George Scott, the latter looking exceptionally pretty; Mr. Vincent Routledge, whom one meets more often flat-racing than 'chasing'; Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Cyril Douglas-Pennant, and Mr. and Mrs. John Thomson. Also in the big crowd were Major-Gen. John Combe, Lady Margaret Fortescue, Mrs. Victor Cartwright, escorted by her tall son; the Hon. Mrs. Parshall, looking very attractive in brown, with her host and hostess, Sir Evan and Lady Gwynne-Evans; and Mr. John Healing, who had gone coursing instead of racing on the second day.

He was with his sister Jane watching the racing from a box with Mrs. Milne and Capt. Coxwell Rogers.

AMONG others in the boxes were Countess Beauchamp, Lady Renwick, the Hon. Dorothy Paget, who had many runners at the meeting; the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, Lord Cowdray and Sir Lionel Darrel. Others enjoying the meeting were Mr. and Mrs. Penn Curzon-Howe-Herrick, chatting to Mrs. Jim Windsor-Lewis, and Mrs. Alistair Campbell, looking very nice in brown, down from Scotland; Col. and Mrs. Peter Hastings, chatting to Lord Porchester; the Hon. Jock Skeffington, who had a second during the meeting.



*The Marchioness of Carisbrooke addressing the meeting, which was held at the Dorchester. The Exhibition is to be opened by the Queen on May 3rd*



*Major Darvil Smith, Mr. Lawson-Johnston and the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage go over some reports*



*Miss Dorothy Whitford and Mrs. Von Neurath at the committee meeting, the first to be held*



*Lady Suenson-Taylor and Mrs. Bowen-Davies discuss the Fair, which is to be held at St. James's Palace*

### The Marchioness of Carisbrooke's At Home for the St. John's Exhibition and Fair

# THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND HER FAMILY

The Duchess of Kent lives with her three children at Coppins, Iver, Bucks, where these photographs were taken recently. The Duke of Kent and his sister, Princess Alexandra, are at school, the Duke at Ludgrove, near Wokingham, and Princess Alexandra at Heathfield, near Ascot, though the Princess has recently been recuperating from the operation for appendicitis which she had last month. Coppins takes its name from the old title of "Copynsfield" given in an Iver manor court roll of 1374.

*Photographs by Baron*



*H.R.H. Prince Edward, Duke of Kent. He succeeded his father in 1942*



*H.R.H. Princess Alexandra, who was eleven years old on Christmas Day. She is fourteen months younger than the Duke of Kent*



*H.R.H. Prince Michael, the Duchess of Kent's younger son, who will be six on July 4th*



*H.R.H. Princess Marina, Duchess of Kent, C.I., G.B.E., who is the youngest daughter of the late Prince Nicholas of Greece. She is Commandant of the W.R.N.S. and of the Bucks' Battalion of the Oxford and Bucks L.I. (T.A.)*



Over the first jump in the National Hunt 'Chase, which was won by Mr. W. R. Porter's Cavaliero.  
The going was first-class throughout the meeting



"The Tatler" goes to—

## THE CHELTENHAM THREE-DAY MEETING



Cottage Rake, winner of the Cheltenham Gold Cup, with A. Brabazon up, being led in



Mrs. Tony Warre and Countess Munster, wife of Count Paul Munster



Col. R. Poole, Lady Elizabeth Oldfield and Mr. Peter Oldfield, whose Albor won the Spa Hurdle Race



Mr. F. L. Vickerman, of Dublin, owner of Cottage Rake, brought a camera as well as glasses



Lady Kathleen Seyfried, who is a niece of the Duke of Beaufort



Mrs. Douglas Blackett and Mrs. Peter Herbert walking round the paddock between races



Mr. and Mrs. John Mason watch the preliminaries for one of the events



Lord Cromwell and his daughter, the Hon. Philippa Bewicke-Copley



Mrs. Peter Thin, wife of Major P. G. Thin, was also among the spectators



The Marchioness of Hartington and the Hon. Mrs. William Ormsby-Gore



Major R. Stirling-Stuart, owner of Cool Customer, and Mrs. Jack Fawcus



Mrs. Derek Parker-Bowles and Mr. T. F. Blackwell discussing the card



Major and Mrs. V. Gibbs were two more who saw the Gold Cup run



Lady Cripps and Lady Cromwell talking to Col. Jack Talbot



The Duke of Marlborough, Lady Rosemary Churchill and Mr. Thomas Egerton



Lady Portman, widow of the late Lord Portman, and Mrs. G. Lees



Miss Caroline Tremayne was with Miss Philippa Tennyson-d'Eyncourt



H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester was present on the last day, and is seen with Mr. F. E. Withington, one of the stewards

# WEDDING OF THE LORD-LIEUTENANT OF KENT

Many guests from the country, as well as London, were present at the recent wedding at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, of Lord Cornwallis and Esmé Lady Walker. The wedding and reception, which are described by Jennifer on page 331, were also attended by the Duchess of Kent. Lord Cornwallis has been Lord-Lieutenant of Kent for fourteen years, and has a great reputation in the county for the interest he takes in local

affairs. He is a member of the Kent County Council and was captain of the county cricket team for several years in the early 'twenties, and is now chairman of the M.C.C., several high officials of which attended the wedding. His bride is the widow of the late Sir Robert Walker, of Sand Hutton, Yorks, and daughter of the late Capt. J. Montmorency de Beaumont, of Hove, and she has for some years lived in Sussex



*Mr. J. P. Walker, the bride's brother-in-law, and his wife arriving at the church*



*Mrs. Peter Walker, wife of the bride's nephew, and Miss Rosemary Walker*



*W/Cdr. Bertram Noble, a high officer of the Kent Freemasons, and Mrs. Noble*



*Miss Vivienne Hamilton and Mrs. Hayworth-Booth, two sisters who were guests*



*Lady Harris with Mr. William Findlay, former M.C.C. secretary, and Mrs. Findlay*



*Sir Henry d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, a prominent member of the Kent County Council, and Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid*



*Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Dorman were also among those present*



*Mr. and Mrs. Harold Tuffee on the way to the reception*



*Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Wickham*



*Miss Daphne Goodman and Miss Elizabeth Goodman*



*Lord and Lady Cornwallis leaving St. Mark's after the ceremony, which was conducted by the Bishop of Rochester*



*Mme. de Wouters and Mrs. Edward Christie-Miller*



*Major Patrick Walker, the Hon. Mrs. Milo Talbot and Mrs. Perryman*



*The Hon. Mrs. Henry Cecil, the Hon. Miss Rachel Cecil, the Hon. Lady Strang and Mabel Lady Cornwallis*



"... Work was instantly resumed ... at Heralds' College"

[Decorations]  
by Wynard

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

## Standing By ...

LET not Ambition mock their useful toil, their homely joys and destiny obscure, but one is apt to doubt if the apple-cheeked locals of the village of Pickwick (Wilts.), recently up for auction, are correct in boasting that Dickens named his earliest masterpiece after them.

Somewhere in those rich and roaring pages you will find Sam Weller calling his employer's attention to a stage-coach on the Bath service with "MOSES PICKWICK" painted on it, and accusing the owner, a real person, of "imperence." This is where Dickens found the name, according to the best authorities. However, in a base and venal age one can hardly blame the rurals of Pickwick (Wilts.) for trying to cash in. Our modest guess is that a slick gent down from Lunnun suggested it to their forbears in the village pub long ago. One can just see the sudden cocking of long, furry, quivering ears.

"Thurr be money in it vor *we*, Meäster?"

"Gold, my friends, beyond the dreams of avarice. From every quarter of the globe millionaires will pour into your humble village, marvelling at the beauty of your women and tossing rich largesse to one and all."

"Us mun lay off beatin' they girt wockets, Oi rackon."

"No, no. Keep beating them, but don't spoil them."

Having collected a fiver for preliminary publicity-expenses the slick gent then caught the 10.45 p.m. to Paddington and was seen no more. How much Transatlantic gold has since weighed down those horny Wiltshire palms we wouldn't know. Thousands of dollars, doubtless.

### Climacteric

LASHING out at collectors who sneak up on rare British birds in the breeding-season and steal their eggs, a champion of our feathered chums roared in the *Times* that the fact that most of these thugs are aged over 50 makes "no immediate difference." He erred pitifully.

Any Harley Street physiologist will tell you that at 46 begins the Climacteric, or Dangerous Age, when respectable citizens go inexplicably haywire and are often observed behaving unsuitably in public places. At 63, which is called the Grand Climacteric, citizens of venerable appearance and social position may even find themselves (*vide Press*) in the cooler, after being denounced by horrified magistrates as "un-English." The impulse to steal rare birds' eggs is a by-product of this physiological crisis.

Philately is another. Writing letters to the *Times* is another.

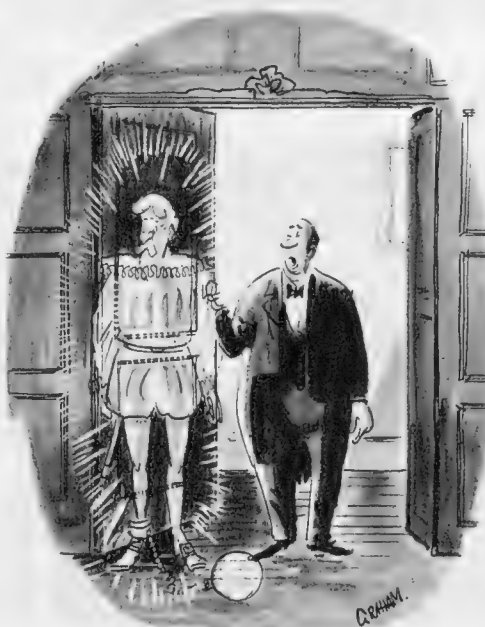
Fortunately egg-snatching is easily curable in its early stages, we gathered from a specialist who recommends careful diet and light exercise at regular intervals, among other things. The form of regular light exercise most approved in Harley Street, incidentally, is writing out cheques for specialists.

### Revolt

A LITTLE way out of Burgos in Old Castile stands the Cartuja de Miraflores, of which great noble ancient house a poet we know sang recently, in pensive mood:

At the Charterhouse  
Of Miraflores  
They never see  
Front Page news-stories;

### BRIGGS—by Graham



"I caught Sir Robert skulking around the corridors, m'lord..."

They do not know  
Who murdered whom ...  
Coo, Mums! Just think!  
A living tomb!

This song recurred to us on perceiving a citizen peevishly complaining in print that there are far too many murders featured in the Press, and that they are all of exhausting dullness, even to the names involved.

It seems hardly fair to blame the vivacious Fleet Street boys, who do not arrange the murders and, if they did, would make them far more picturesque. Moreover, that complaint about the dullness of the names involved is an old one. The index to the Newgate Calendar closely resembles the current London Telephone Directory:

ADAMS, Mary.  
ADLER, Lydia.  
ADSHEAD, John.  
AIKNEY, Thomas (etc., etc., etc.)

Ending, like the Directory, with the usual relative surprise in "Z":

WILLIAMSON, John.  
YORK, William.  
YOUNG, John.  
YOUNG, Mary.  
ZEKERNAN, Andrew.

We have a vague theory that this aching monotony may partially explain our native murders. Chaps get weary maybe of belonging to the great grey army of the Smiths and go suddenly berserk. No? Oh, dear.

### Racquet

WITH cries of "*Virtute et Industria!*" and "*Splendeur Dex!*" the newly-appointed Bluemantle Pursuivant was cordially welcomed at Heralds' College, Queen Victoria Street, the other day by his colleagues Portcullis, Rouge Dragon, and Rouge Croix, our spies report.

The three Kings of Arms (Garter, Clarenceux, and Norroy) and the six Heralds (Lancaster, Somerset, Chester, Windsor, York, and Richmond) having each added a brief courteous greeting, such as "Array!", "Out! Out!" "Miséricorde!" and "Harow!", work was instantly resumed, for the export-trade to the United States has never been at higher pressure, and top-drawer pedigrees are coming down the assembly-line from the shops at the rate of about one a minute. As a tiny sub-pursuivant named Mauve Wyvern Rampant remarked to one of our spies, "Par ma foy, beau sire, nous sommes

icy dans les grands dolours!"—a typical heraldic jest on *dollar* (dough) and *dolour* (pain).

Cash-customers in this country may therefore have to wait for their ancestors, added Mauve Wyvern, till the cows (*vaches*) come home (*chez nous*, "Chatsworth," or "Seaview.")

### Confiserie

A CITIZEN who allegedly tried to pay an angry confectioner for a couple of ersatz-cream buns by singing to him got into sore trouble, we observe, and was held to be drunk. Yet it would be wrong to deduce from this incident that pastrycooks are constitutionally averse to music, still less to poetry. The classic case of Ragueneau of the Rue St. Honoré who ruined himself for a horde of starveling poets, will instantly occur to anyone recalling *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

Ragueneau actually existed, and behaved exactly as in the play. His fashionable shop stood on the corner of the Rue de l'Arbre-Sec, beyond St. Germain-l'Auxerrois. Can you tell us where Rumpelmayer's stood in St. James's Street? Not you; yet in the carefree 1920's all the Beau Monde used it at teatime. We don't know if anybody ever tried declaiming a piece to Rumpelmayer in payment for a *baba* or a *millefeuille*. In any case the experimenter would not have been flung out vulgarly on his ear but frozen dead in his tracks by astounded dowagers.

Ragueneau's modern Parisian successor would probably be Sherry's at the Rond-Point. The Muse is not accounted currency there, either, unless we err. Most pastrycooks prefer the dough, it seems.

### Contretemps

LOVERS of the wealthy will readily recall the unfortunate end of Lord Finchley, one of the more *sympathique* types in Mr. Belloc's patrician portrait-gallery:

Lord Finchley tried to mend the Electric Light Himself. It struck him dead. And serve him right. It is the business of the wealthy man To give employment to the Artisan.

A less alarming fate (according to an evening paper gossip) befell a financial big boy who caught his thumb in a taxicab door the other day while slamming it, but the principle still holds. It is not the business of the wealthy to open and close taxicab doors. Every time we lunch with our publisher in Pall Mall (which is not often) we remember this precept after luncheon, and dart respectfully forward. We are consequently well spoken of in publishing-circles as a harmless, civil poor fellow, and are frequently admitted to the Presence after only an hour or so in the anteroom.

We know our place, therefore, and so should the wealthy. By not employing people like us to open and close taxicab doors for them they deserve to slam their thumbs—nay, we should like to see their thumbs fall, or wither, or rot off, after so doing, if one may say so with all deference. Excuse this fervour.

### Boon

AN M.P. has suggested that as the Post Office is making money hand-over-fist, the Government should reduce the price of postage. This raises a point which one can't help feeling Lord Melbourne put to Rowland Hill a century ago, when the Penny Post was established.

Judging by Melbourne's lifelong attitude to poets, dreamers, and whimsy-peddlers of every kind, the conversation probably went thus:

"You're a damned odd fellow, Hill. Do you really wish to incite the public to write *more letters*?"  
 "What's wrong with their letters?"  
 "My dear fellow, they're devilish uninteresting."  
 "Well, it may keep 'em out of the ginshops."

So Melbourne shrugged and gave way, though he was probably right. It makes our heart ache so to see an honest postman staggering round with bagfuls of laborious platitude and cricket-scores and (very often, alas) uninspired untruth that we stop and slip him an apologetic fiver, or very nearly.

## EMMWOOD'S

# WESTMINSTER WARBLERS (NO. 11)

The Prince Rupert of the species, whose dazzling sorties alarm and confuse even its fellow-warblers



## The Conscription Cuckoo—or Kings Bob-Chick

(Ifulderywuns-Ilfulyeraagen)

**ADULT MALE:** General colour above grey fulvous, crested with unkempt off-white feathers; beak very predatorily curved, much used for sticking into messes, etc.; neck feathers stiff; legs spindly. The bird appears, at times, to be rather uncertain as to direction of movement with the latter, but may, occasionally, show one or two quite nimble, if nebulous, steps; feet indeterminate, owing to the bird spending most of its time submerged in red-tape as far as its neck.

**HABITS:** This transmutable little songster has a most disconcerting habit of changing its feathers almost every time its quaint little song is heard around Westminster. At one time the bird was to be found in the coal-bearing areas of the country, but as its activities became somewhat stunted in those parts, it has, of late

months, developed a certain nostalgia for its perennial home in the environs of Westminster. Its shrill cry may be heard almost any morning as it frightens the life out of the small Guardee birds, which abound in Whitehall.

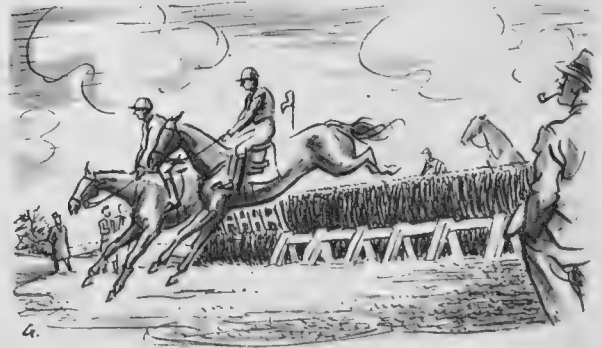
When roosting in Westminster the Conscription Cuckoo tries extremely hard to make itself heard above the babel of its fellow-members' cries, with its plaintive little—"Idoantgivacus." The lack of interest shown by other members of the sub-order is believed to be the cause for the bird's itinerant wanderings about Europe, where it is heard to better effect.

**HABITATS:** The bird prefers to nest in the quieter and more ponderous edifices of Whitehall, being inordinately fond of the paper matter that abounds in those Temples of Triplication.

## Sabretache

# Pictures in the Fire

"... the M.F.H. is far more important than the Lord Mayor, or even the gentleman who sits . . . on the Woolsack."



THE first call-over of the cards on the Spring Double gave us hardly any more information than we had already. It was certain, for instance, that the moment an announcement was made as to which Lincolnshire hope Gordon Richards had decided to ride, it would be backed. Kinsale hardened from 25-1 to 23-1, the previous second favourites having been Flexton and Flipper, but this really means very little, for, as a rule, Cardinal Wiseman never has a bet to real money until he sees how they are drawn. There was not much weight behind any of it, either for the Lincoln or the National.

Where the latter race is concerned the first three were about level, Roimond displacing Rowland Roy with Silver Fame a level second favourite. I expect there will be another alteration, for Roimond may not jump the Aintree country. Revelry, formerly 16-1, eased to twenties, and Klaxton remained steady at 20-1. Weevil was formerly 33-1; at the call-over they quoted him at 28-1. I think they are unduly apprehensive where this one is concerned, for I do not believe that he can defeat the fences. He has got a good deal yet to learn according to my observation. He won that Stayers' Chase at Cheltenham, but if you saw it, would you say that he came out from under his rider's hands as he should?

They did not seem to like Revelry as much as they did. He was freely offered at 20-1, and previously some people had imagined that they were getting something for nothing at sixteens. I say "nowt," because I have such a wholesome respect for any good-class Irish horse in the National. I am sure that Revelry is a good one, and 11st. 6lbs. won't stop him if the fences don't.

## Hunting By-Laws

EVEN if things have changed, deplorably, as some think, from the times when hock and seltzer used to be considered the proper things with which to wash down a bit of fish, some sausages and bacon, an egg or two, and a mouthful of cold pheasant (coffee earned me no good marks with one great stickler for tradition), the rock-bottom rules of the fox-hunt are quite unchanged. You must still remember that you have not got as good a nose as even the worst foxhound that ever was whelped, and not attempt to catch the fox yourself.

So far, pig-sticking methods have not been introduced into this far more ancient sport, and even if they had, you would not have an earthly, for the slowest fox ever put on his legs is faster and can stay longer than the best pig that ever wore bristles. So leave it to the hounds, and Bill, or George, or Arthur, or whoever happens to be hunting them. In this connection it is desirable that you should always allow hounds to arrive at a draw before you do. Foxes simply loathe a smoking concert, the steam of hot horses, lipstick, and even the best of make-up. If these get there before Wanton and

Waitress; and Waspish and Wasteful, the tenant is certain to vacate possession and put a mile or two to his credit before even the best nose in the whole bitch pack can so much as touch his line.

There is another fundamental which still persists: the M.F.H. is far more important than the Lord Mayor, or even the gentleman who sits; sometimes most uncomfortably, on the Woolsack. The M.F.H.'s word is law, even if some people say that he and his friends do not matter a tinker's cuss in other departments of life. You must not get in the way of either the Head Serang or his myrmidons, Tom, Joe and Charles, because they have got a job of work to do and you have not.

## Some Little Hints

THE industrious Pony Clubs, even if you have had no experienced preceptor, must have told you about shutting gates (unless you prefer jumping them), seeds and keeping the end of your horse that bites turned towards hounds when they are passing; and also about not yelling "Tantivy!" or even a genuine hunting noise if you happen to see the fox go away; but there are a few other things which apply equally whether you elect to hunt with the Popalongford or the Nevergoshire. If with the latter, refrain from telling the world what a one-eyed show it is compared to the ones to which you are accustomed—the Quorn, the Belvoir, Cottesmore, Beaufort, and so forth.

They will not like it; besides, someone who really knows may be out, and you will be floored in two shakes of a duck's tail. If you go to the other lot, the Cut-'em-Downs, don't talk about people by their front names who do not even know you by your hind one; it is best to leave this to Major Hamstrung. We ought never to forget what happened to the chap who slapped a king on the back and said "Hullo, old cock!"

Don't imagine that every horse you see going like a stained-glass saint with someone else is your very own handwriting. You cannot know what is on the shore end of the communication-cord. This above all; don't talk at breakfast, and as little as possible after it, and in spite of what you may see on the stage or at the flicks, eschew both spurs and a pink coat at that early and most difficult meal. Even if you have been broken in to a hunting apron, you should leave porridge alone.

As a general rule it is best to avoid the company of those who are very hussy on foot and the very reverse on a horse. It is also wise to exercise caution about buying one from Captain Coper-Coper that he has flourished over something just to show off while the hunt is standing still. It is probably marvellous over the painted bars, but apt to shut up like a clasp-knife after a couple of fields at the real job. For choice, I should say buy one that is throwing them behind him when he is tired, and that has been ridden by someone with real hands and not hams or legs of mutton.

## Cheltenham—Deductions

THE great 'chasing carnival will be as stale as the story of how the animals went in two by two by the time this note has a celluloid cat's chance of seeing the light of day, and everyone will be thinking of something much sterner—and it may not be the Grand National! People like Lord Salisbury, Lord Pakenham and Lord Halifax do not say the things which they did without very good reason. However, a routine job has to be done so far as I am concerned, atomic war or no atomic war, and so here are some very brief impressions, not only mine, but of a small little man with as good eyes as a lynx. First of all, Silver Fame's Seven Springs 'Chase win was only a pipe-opener. That is common ground. Next, an Irish opinion: how wise to have taken Cottage Rake (Gold Cup winner) out of the National! I agree, for I think, well as he jumped the Cheltenham obstacles, the Aintree ones would have floored him. Next, my own and the Irish sleuth combined: we do not think Happy Home, Revelry or Klaxton will stay the 4 miles 856 yards—and I add that I do not think Revelry looked like getting over the Aintree fences. My friend says that the pace they went in the Gold Cup beat him. Maybe; but I venture to remind him that they do not exactly crawl in the Grand National, and that, if there is a soft spot, it will show itself quite quickly and disastrously!



D. R. Stuart

Playing at Oxford, the Cambridge University Women's Squash Rackets team defeated the home team by five matches to love, thus keeping the cup they won in 1947. Standing: Hilary Sears (Girton), Joanna Darnatt (Girton), Jane Stirland (Newnham). Sitting: Elizabeth Poyser (Newnham), Bridget Jenkins (Newnham; captain)

## With the Co. Limerick at Kilmallock



Lady Ainsworth, wife of Sir Thomas Ainsworth, Bt., and Frances Lady Daresbury, widow of the first baron



Mrs. Stedman, Sir Thomas Ainsworth, Bt., and Miss Y. Stedman. The meet was at Riversfield House



Mr. John Alexander, an ex-Master of the Co. Limerick, and Lord Daresbury, the present Master

## Scoreboard

### HINT OF SPRING

Hence, hate and civic care!  
Hence, Ologies and Isms!  
Hence, economic ills!

For spring rides in the air,  
Blessing with dewy prisms  
The lusty daffodils;

And now the sky  
Welcomes Apollo,  
Her errant lover;  
Summer will follow,  
All things that fly,  
Lapwing and swift, woodpecker,  
Golden plover.

★ ★ ★

THE traffic, they say, on the Oxford High Street will one day, not far distant, bring down the surrounding buildings, including St. Mary's Church, Queen's College, where the encyclopaedic Dr. Walker used to lecture to unworthy students, and University College, whence the poet Shelley was requested to retire and Cyril Tolley used to play blind and beautiful mashie-niblick shots. And so a by-pass is suggested through the Christ Church Meadows. It would be sad if this were necessary. For the Meadows are just right for a green thought in a green shade, and prevent Oxford from becoming just another manufacturing town.



IT was in the Meadows that I last saw Peter Lawless, athlete and author, whose wit and courage and romance ended on the Remagen Bridge of the Rhine. He was deep in those meditations which engage one who was both Intelligence Officer and Mess President, half-strategy and half-spam. Through here, too, Henry Franklin and I used to walk down to the gay barges of Eights Week. Henry, now headmaster of Epsom College, was, and is, an all-rounder of Elizabethan scope. A scholar of Christ Church, he had his Blue for cricket and rugby. He was also no mean actor and mimic, and an able interpreter of Brahms, last of the classics.

Oxford rugby just then wallowed in a wealth of three-quarters. To Scotland she gave a whole line: I. S. Smith, G. P. S. Macpherson, G. G. Aitken, A. C. Wallace. And that left a man over for England, H. P. Jacob, a flyer on the wing. Bust me if I'm not dyed dark-blue from forelock to big toe.

Bring me my rod and hook,  
Bring me my putter,  
Fling every learned book  
Slam in the gutter.

Bring me my newest hat  
And we will spoil it,  
Bring me my cricket bat  
And we will oil it.

Rake study, cupboard, hall,  
For tennis racket,  
Find something like a ball,  
And we will smack it.

Come, love and life and song  
And echoing laughter,  
And let all else belong  
To the hereafter.

★ ★ ★

TO the Greyhounds the other night, and it struck me that the competitors were bored to death with the whole thing. So would I be, if I were slim and beautiful and fast, and were forced to give a show for the fat and ugly and slow. But this ennui, however justifiable, is morally bad for the dogs. It is time that some

cheetahs were imported again to show the way home. Kenneth Gandar Dower first put the cheetah on the track. If raced against each other, they were apt to sulk. They hated being passed by a better cat: like beauties at the Ball. Animal fanatics complain that they shouldn't race, as it is bad for their hearts.

People are queer about animals. A chap once said to me, "What a reflection on man that all animals are afraid of him." "Is the converse, then, also true?" I asked him. "Is it a reflection on a cow that my Auntie Hester runs from it in, for her, level time?" Besides, there is nothing really laudable in being attractive to animals. Pigs walk into cottage parlours because they like the smell; and the pigeons in Trafalgar Square only settle on people because they mistake them for trees. And so they are, nearly.

REVERTING to the track, as the bloodhound remarked after turning aside for a pint, how fast is an ostrich? No one knows; because no one has organised ostrich-races. This, they say, is out of consideration for the ostriches' feelings. When called up to receive first prize, the ostrich buries its head in the sawdust.

*R.C. Robertson Glasgow.*

## The Tipperary Meet at Clonmel



The joint-M.F.H.s, Viscount Suidale and Mrs. Masters, leading the field for the move off. The meet was held at Knocklofty House by invitation of Viscount Suidale



Watching the move off: Lady Suidale, Mr. Conor Carrigan, Mr. Richard Bagwell, a London visitor, and Miss Bagwell, of Clonmel

Elizabeth Bowen's

# Book Reviews

"The Unforgiven"

"Therese"

"The Loved One"

"The Last of Philip Banter"



*The Hollow Post-Mill on Wimbledon Common, an engraving by George Cooke (1781-1834). Built in 1817, it is the only example of its kind in Britain*

THERE exists in some quarters an idea that the novel is losing its grip on life—that it may hope, for some time longer, to keep pottering on as an agreeable form of entertainment, but that in the end we shall see it petering out. Is such pessimism justified? No, I don't really think so. Certainly the spacious Victorian novel would be difficult, if not impossible, to write now—but, then, we are no longer Victorians. Is it not the novelist's business to keep abreast—nay, more, ahead—of his times? A species dies out, I understand, when it fails in mobility, when it cannot make the necessary adaptations to change, climatic or otherwise. Novelists must take care not to share this fate.

Pessimists with regard to the novel's future ignore, I think, the promising mobility of the younger group. Or, perhaps, one should say, age-group—for our emerging novelists, one should be glad to see, are one and all exceedingly individual, and show no signs of forming themselves into a clique or "school": their youthfulness, and the freshness of their approach to life, seem to be, so far, all that they have in common. They have absorbed the extraordinary experiences of the last few years; and they seem to have stepped clear, admirably, of the too long-lasting adolescence which used to saddle writers of a more sheltered epoch. In fact, they have grown up young. In most cases, they have only had time to give us two or three books, and the very originality of their work, so far, makes it a little difficult for the reader accustomed to more time-honoured forms.

HOWARD CLEWES, who now gives us his second novel, *The Unforgiven* (Bodley Head; 8s. 6d.), is an example of what I mean. He is thirty-four; his first novel was *Dead Ground*; he is now at work on his third. I shall be surprised if this writer does not leave a biggish mark on the literature of the middle-twentieth century. His view of human nature is drastic but at the same time patient and charitable; his imagination is bold; his humour and irony are vigorous; his style as a story-teller is at once evocative and clear. All this appears in *The Unforgiven*, which is the tale of a small group of partisans trapped on a mountain (in, I take it, the Dolomites) by the surrounding enemy.

These men and women, all highly individualised, have fallen under the spell of enforced inaction—it has become impossible for them to do anything; they no longer want to. The enemy are aware of their movements, they, of the enemy's; the communicating link is the priest of the village below, imperturbably

acting as agent for both sides. A sort of static understanding has been arrived at—there is, in fact, face-saving on both sides.

When the Corps Commander had perfected with his staff a plan for breaking through the ring of mines and steel that surrounded the mountain, he consulted Father Domenicus so that von Langenburg might bring an overwhelming superiority of men and weapons to bear upon the point at which the partisans threatened to make their break for freedom; as soon as the troops were in position the priest passed the vital report to the partisans by the usual means.

"We are betrayed again," said Luca Pugnini, greatly relieved. None but an idiot attacks superior strength without at least the advantage of surprise. In any case, in the unlikely event of the attack being successful, what would they do with their freedom? Where would they go? It takes a long time to adapt yourself to such a phenomenon, Luca Pugnini pointed out; freedom was

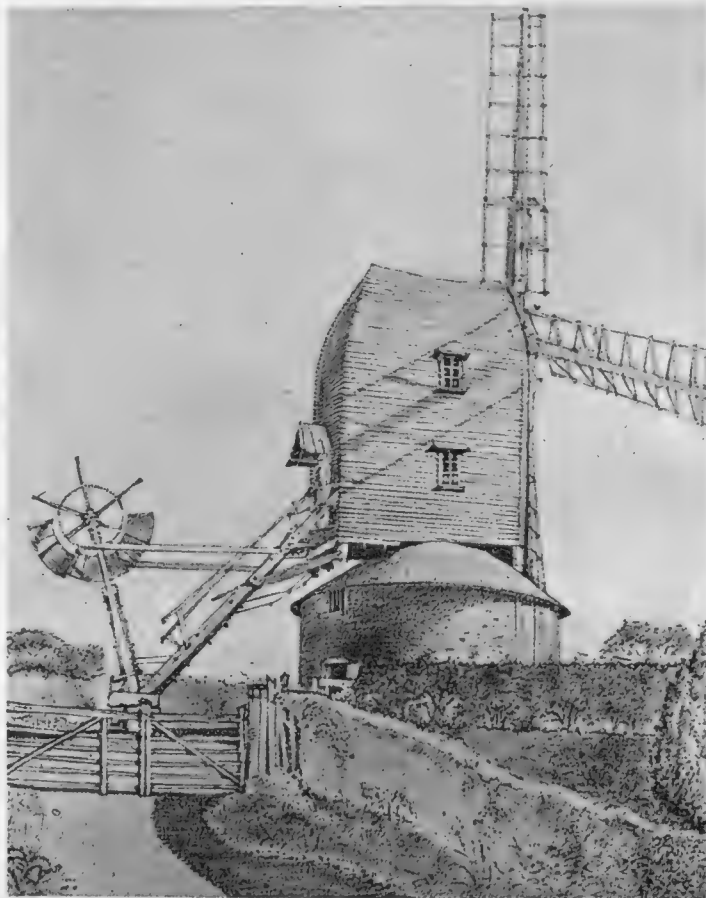
desirable only when you were free to pursue it. The Corps Commander smiled and said nothing.

The attack, naturally, was never carried out. And it was in this final respect, as the Divisional Commander said, that the system had its supreme, a metaphysical, advantage; that the attack retained to itself its own integrity.

UNWELCOME, given this state of affairs, is Adrian Bullivant, the young Allied agent who drops from the blue (literally, by parachute) with action orders. Bullivant's relations with the partisans on the mountain are fraught with exasperation on both sides. Tension is to have the addition of comedy when Slater, the disabused journalist, also makes his descent, in a like manner, to be followed by a whole swarm of his kind—male and female representatives of the world's Press come thick and fast; the mountainside becomes dark with flapping news-hawks, loud with their demands for personality-stories and interviews.

This is as funny as Mr. Clewes intends it to be, no funnier—for a savage, ironic climax is still ahead. Drama is rooted in the characters—in the Corps Commander, in Pugnini, in the tormented tormenting Erica, in Crosby who has killed his only friend, in Otto the artist painting his fresco over a gulf, in Bullivant with his frenzied inner thought-stream. *The Unforgiven* demands, and deserves, close reading: past and future are dovetailed into the plot. It is *not*, in spite of the time and the situation, a war book—I should call it an essentially post-war book; a sort of diagnosis of what is to-day a subtly pervading mood. The publishers do not claim too much for this author when they say that he "gives to the reader a glimpse of another dimension both in literature and life, and to his own writing a deeper significance than is usual in contemporary fiction."

"THERÈSE," by François Mauriac (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 10s. 6d.), has been admirably translated by Gerard Hopkins, to whose good offices we already owe the introduction of the most impressive of modern French novelists to English readers. This volume includes not only the original *Thérèse Desqueyroux*, but the sequel, *La Fin de la Nuit*, and two intervening short stories in which we are shown M. Mauriac's dire heroine's adventures between the beginning and the end. And what a woman! That Mme. Desqueyroux—first met on her emergence from the local court-house, where she has stood trial for the attempted poisoning of her husband—will commend herself to a placid Anglo-Saxon public, one cannot hope. Yet, her creator arrests our



*Post-Mill at Sprowston, Norwich, an illustration from "British Windmills and Watermills," in the "Britain in Pictures" Series (Collins; 5s.). In the text, Charles Skilton passes these picturesque survivals under remarkably comprehensive review, and his championship should do a good deal to awaken interest in their preservation*

attention for her—there is something terribly imperative about this character that one cannot ignore.

Thérèse has been the daughter of a landowning family in the Gironde region of France. She is not beautiful, but she has charm of a dangerous, dynamic kind; she has a good brain and overweening will-power. She has made a suitable marriage with a neighbouring squire, Bernard Desqueyroux, into whose hands, by the law of the time, control over her own property passes. The married life of the two alternates between a forest-surrounded country mansion and a small house in the local provincial town—Bernard's grossness and dullness, to which is added the petty monotony of the provincial scene, make a would-be murderess of Thérèse. She attempts to rid herself of Bernard for no other reason than that she wants freedom. She is arrested, but the case against her is dismissed on Bernard's evidence—his one idea is to save the family honour.

RETURNING home after the trial, she remains a virtual prisoner in her husband's house—chain-smoking, desperate, consumed by day-dreams. Finally Bernard, himself repelled and irked by the situation, allows her to go away to Paris, to make a new life on her own, by herself, there. So ends the first of the novels, *Thérèse Desqueyroux*.

What will the woman do with this life of freedom, in a capital city, for which she has always longed? In the sequel, *The End of the Night*, we have the answer: it is a tragic one. We meet Thérèse alone in a Paris flat, ravaged by her own nerves, by her memories, by illness, and embittered by a series of love-affairs. At forty-five, she knows herself for a *femme fatale*. On an evening when she feels unable to endure her own company, the bell rings, and there enters Thérèse's seventeen-year-old daughter Marie, who, as an infant, after the terrible charge, had been removed from her mother's keeping.

Marie, now herself in the throes of a difficult love-affair, has fled from her father's house in the Gironde to seek her all-but-unknown mother's support and advice. Here is a chance for Thérèse, weighed down by the knowledge of the evil and fatal part she has always played in the world, to do good, to act out of pure unselfishness, at last. And how hard she tries! But, tragically for all, the difficult young man

## RECORD OF THE WEEK

TO-DAY is St. Patrick's Day and nothing could be more appropriate than *Irish Fantasy*, number four of *Songs to Remember*, played by Peter Yorke and his Concert Orchestra.

As an arranger of light orchestral music, Peter Yorke is among the foremost in the world to-day. He has the touch of a true artist in his work, which is never overbalanced by unnecessarily flamboyant passages.

He has chosen five well-known tunes of the Emerald Isle, and in Part One of the *Fantasy* there is some exquisite string

playing with delightful accompaniment by flute and harp. In Part Two, Freddy Gardner, with alto saxophone, is featured playing against a lush ensemble from the strings, which treat *Mother Machree* with feeling. The selection ends with a very well-played violin solo from Louis Stevens.

Dominating all is the clear thought of the arranger, and this newest recording is quite one of the best I have listened to from his excellent orchestra. (Columbia DB. 2375.)

Robert Tredinnick.

Georges whom Thérèse tries to win for her daughter falls in love with herself; and Marie, bitterly disillusioned, considers herself betrayed.

The working out of the situation gives M. Mauriac play for his at once most high and most searching powers. Part of his greatness lies in the perpetual awe he feels for the human soul—accordingly, he makes out of his Thérèse, whom he has first shown us as a spoiled, neurotic girl who tried to kill her husband out of sheer boredom, a figure grown to full stature, majestic in the very fullness of her pain, her sense of guilt and her grief. . . . To read the two novels comprehended in this volume under the title of *Thérèse* is an experience—not, I should warn the reader, an experience to be lightly entered upon!

VELYN WAUGH's short novel or long short story, *The Loved One*, occupies the entire February number of the distinguished monthly, *Horizon* (2s. 6d.). The devotion of a whole issue of a magazine, in which space is much sought after, to one feature is unusual—in this case, everybody will agree that the Editor's decision is more than justified. *Horizon* readers are accorded a pre-view of what, one cannot possibly doubt, will be one of the coming summer's best-sellers. Mr. Waugh, Mr. Cyril Connolly tells us in the Introduction, anticipates ructions with this story, and is, therefore, trying it out on *Horizon* readers, who are said to be tough. "The ructions," explains Mr. Connolly, "can be reduced to two. From some of our English-readers a protest at the unseemly preoccupation with the cadaver, from some of our American ones an additional indignation at the unflattering portraits of their fellow-countrymen."

*The Loved One* is, certainly, likely to astound and dazzle rather than soothe. We find ourselves in the flourishing company of the

morticians of South California—"Whispering Glades" caters for humans, "The Happier Hunting Ground" for their pets. Our British hero, Dennis Barlow, ex-airman, ex-poet, has become an employee of the latter establishment, thereby scandalising the British colony in Hollywood. In a wealthy, pet-loving community the Happier Hunting Ground's business is on the whole good; though there are, of course, reverses.

Not all his customers were as open-handed and tractable as the Heinkels.

Some boggled at a ten-dollar burial, others had their pets embalmed and then went East and forgot them; one after filling the ice-box for over a week with a dead she-bear, changed her mind and called in the taxidermist. These were the dark days, to be set against the ritualistic, almost orgiastic cremation of a non-sectarian chimpanzee and the burial of a canary over whose tiny grave a squad of Marine buglers had sounded Taps. It is forbidden by Californian law to scatter human remains from an aeroplane, but the sky is free to the animal world, and on one occasion it fell to Dennis to commit the ashes of a tabby cat to the slip-stream over Sunset Boulevard.

Arrangements for the obsequies of a British friend, the ageing ex-star Sir Francis Himsley, lead Dennis into the impressive orbit of Whispering Glades: he meets Aimee Thanatogenos, cosmetician, and her chief, Mr. Joyboy, idol of the necropolis. . . . Readers who took exception to the end of one of Mr. Waugh's earlier novels, in which the hero inadvertently eats the heroine at a cannibal feast, may find still more to boggle at in *The Loved One*. Myself I am at a loss to find any one comprehensive adjective for this story—fascinating? ex-coriating? satanic? They all fail. Even Mr. Waugh has not, up to now, written anything like it; and nobody else could, possibly. Which may be just as well.

"THE LAST OF PHILIP BANTER," by J. F. Bardin (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.), is described on its wrapper as a detective story, but I should rather call it a tale of hallucination. Our hero is haunted by relays of manuscript, purporting to be his own "confessions"—the unknown hand seems prophetic, for the events described always take place *next day*. This story works on the nerves all right: it has the hypnotic quality of a crazy film.

## Winifred Lewis

on

## Fashions

LONG skirts and bootees are not a union made for glamour; nevertheless, in snowbound Paris Frenchwomen were sensibly booted yet innocent of the look, so familiar here, of having borrowed a pair of feet from someone in a lower station of life.

Apart from the admitted neatness of French feet, the explanation seems to lie in the styling of French bootees. Most women seemed to be wearing shapely numbers slightly reminiscent of the Victorian buttoned boot, with highish heels and a neat zipp front.

Apart from this noticeable fashion feature the New Look in Paris streets and restaurants is no more conspicuously represented as yet than in London. Though there is no shortage of material in French shops, astronomical prices put an effective brake upon New Look projects for all but bottomless pockets.

Not that these realistic facts have much to do with what goes on within the magic circle of France's main industry, la couture. The dress shows were as exotic as ever.

Maggy Rouff opened her Collection with a party attended by Mme. Auriol, herself one of the best-dressed women in France. Cartier lent 200,000,000

francs' worth of jewellery to enrich the already-exotic effect of clothes lavish in handwork, of organdie dresses with balloon sleeves and narrow velvet ribbon trimming.

Paquin's Collection showed the longest skirts of the season, though on the whole the tendency is to adapt skirt lengths to individual taste, build and specific occasions.

Pierre Balmain opened his lovely Collection with a white flowered-muslin dressing-gown over a swirling petticoat of white embroidery with a rose-colour wasp-waist guépière let in. Among his *tailleurs* came a beautifully-modelled garment of beige suede-leather, unbelievably soft and light in weight.

Stiffened can-can petticoats with yards of coloured ribbon threading through the intricate eyelet

embroidery were endearing if completely out of this world to English eyes.

Outside the charming Dior house in the Avenue Montaigne pink hyacinths broke through a covering of snow. Inside, the usual afternoon crush struggled on the stairs for admission to the show which still keeps this most interesting of dressmakers in the Parisian limelight.

Oceans of material and inspired workmanship make the Dior Collection as dramatic as before. By clever modelling the immense skirt fullness which is still a feature of his day clothes is drawn smoothly away from the waist and springs from the hips into enormous fullness.

The Molyneux Collection is a masterpiece of restrained elegance, essentially French in conception yet breathing a quality indescribably English.





**Harvey—Riley**

Mr. Kenneth Norman Lyon Harvey, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Harvey, of Spring Garden, Fairwarp, Uckfield, married Miss Betty Maureen Riley, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Harold Riley, of Rugeley, and of Mrs. Wilson, of Hambledon, Surrey, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton.



**Farrer—Reid**

Mr. Henry Farrer, elder son of Lt.-Col. E. R. B. Farrer, O.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Farrer, of 36, Ross Court, Putney Heath, S.W.19, married Miss Frances Reid, younger daughter of Mr. A. B. Reid, C.I.F., and Mrs. Reid, of 30, Bathgate Road, S.W.19, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton.

THE TATLER  
AND BYSTANDER  
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**Dempsey—O'Reilly**

Gen. Sir Miles Dempsey married Miss Viola Mary Vivien O'Reilly, youngest daughter of the late Capt. and Mrs. Percy O'Reilly, of Colamber, Westmeath, and niece of Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, the King's trainer, in Dublin. Gen. Dempsey was one of our most distinguished military leaders in the late war, and was C.-in-C. Allied Land Forces, S.E. Asia, from 1945-46.

## THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's"

Review



**Hippisley-Cox—Kay**

Mr. Peter Denzil John Hippisley-Cox, elder son of Col. Sir Geoffrey and Lady Hippisley-Cox, of Edwardes Square, W.8, married Miss Olga Kay, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kay, of Shoot-Up Hill, N.W.2, at Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street, W.



**Roche—Berry**

Mr. Roy Mansfield Roche married Miss Pauline Diane Berry, elder daughter of the late Mr. W. S. Berry, of Huddersfield, and Mrs. Berry, of Duchy Road, Harrogate, Yorkshire, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy, Strand, London.



**Hilton—Wambeck**

F/Lt. Richard Frank Hilton, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Hilton, of Bentley Road, Cambridge, married Miss Joanna Maureen Wambeck, daughter of Air/Cdre. and Mrs. W. G. L. Wambeck, of Wendover, Buckinghamshire, at the Church of Saint Michael and All Angels, R.A.F., Halton.

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## The "Taller's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



*Dorothy Wilding*  
**Miss Venetia de Winton Wills**, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. Edward de Winton Wills, of Prosperous Farm, Hungerford, Berks., who is engaged to Mr. Charles Forester, only son of Major the Hon. Edric Forester and Lady Victoria Forester, of Broadway, Worcs.



*Tunbridge*  
**Miss Pamela Forster**, only daughter of Sir John Forster, K.B.E., K.C., and Lady Forster, of Beckenham, Kent, who is to be married in June to Mr. Peter Palmer, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Palmer, of St. John's Wood, N.W.8, and Westgate-on-Sea, Kent



*Pearl Freeman*  
**Miss Ruth Mary Howard**, adopted daughter of Cdr. R. J. Howard, R.N., of Chard, Somerset, who is marrying in the spring Major Nicholas R. Ogle, 2nd Bn. Northamptonshire Regiment, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Ogle, of Killucan, Westmeath, Eire



**Miss Margaret Elizabeth Hoskin**, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Jenner Hoskin, of Harley Street, W.1, who is engaged to Mr. Alec W. Forbes, only son of the late Sir William and Lady Forbes, formerly of North Gate, N.W.1. The wedding will take place in April

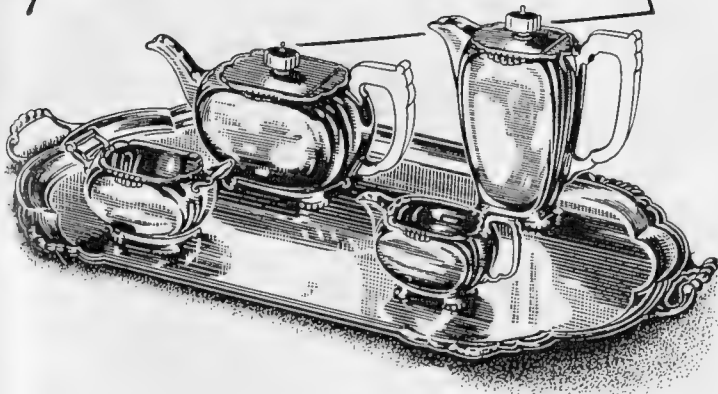


**Miss Cora de Bray Faulkner**, younger daughter of Mrs. C. O. Faulkner, of Arundel, who is being married this month to Mr. Ronald Mason, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Alcyne Mason, of Malmesbury



*Harlip*  
**Miss Pamela Crommelin Brown**, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Brown, of Repton, who is to be married in April to Mr. J. D. Eggar, of Repton, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Norman Eggar, of Epsom

*From the Bride's Father*



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## on FLYING

**F**EW things are more damaging to the public weal than loyalty and the team spirit. If there were no loyalties and no teams, modern war would cease to exist. Yet if you live long enough in a country or work long enough in a profession, it is difficult to avoid becoming loyal to that country or profession or to abstain from working as a team with others in it.

Aviation has its loyalties and its teams and when a bad air accident occurs they rally to its cause. They tell you that, statistically, it is more dangerous to cross Piccadilly Circus than to fly half-way round the world; they say that in five months, or five minutes (I forget which) more people are killed on the roads of Great Britain per quintal-nautical mile (aviation has gone all marine in its linear measures and refuses to adopt the sensible and simple kilometre) than in the air of the entire globe since the time of William the Conqueror.

I do not think such loyalties are good for aviation and I am sure they are not good for the safety of the travelling public. It is better to be brutally frank; to admit that air accidents happen too often and are too gruesome. It is not pleasant to be enclosed in a metal box and there to be roasted alive.

It is no more pleasant to be pinned under a motor car and grilled. But there are more ways of getting out of motor cars than of getting out of transport aeroplanes. That is the crux of it. Until transport aeroplanes have better emergency exits and until they carry parachutes for all on board they will remain less safe than they ought to be.

The provision of many large emergency exits is difficult because if you make big holes in the sides of a fuselage you weaken it. The difficulties are going to increase with aircraft with pressurized cabins. But I refuse to believe that they cannot be surmounted.

### Quick Get-Out

**W**HEN a Service pilot has to get out of his aeroplane in a hurry, he has the means of opening the way, often by an explosive charge which blows the lid off. Moreover he also has a parachute so that he can step out before the crash with a good chance of coming down unhurt. The world's fastest aircraft has an emergency exit which will work under conditions more difficult than any which could affect a transport aeroplane.

In short the provision of emergency exits in transport aircraft, though difficult, is not impossible. And the provision of parachutes for all on board, though commercially onerous, is easy. Lacking these two things some air passengers will feel like a noted test pilot who told me that, when next he has to travel as a passenger in a transport aircraft, he will turn up at the airport with his own parachute and wearing an asbestos suit!

Perhaps in my anxiety to avoid the kind of propaganda put about by those who are loyal to aviation at all costs, I have gone to the other extreme and made it appear that air travel is more dangerous than it really is. But I think that that fault is the less serious of the two.



W/Cdr. and Mrs. Charles Webster with their son David Charles Roger after his christening at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, recently. The ceremony was followed by a reception at the Chelsea home of Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Cable-Alexander

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### The Attacker Again

**C**HARLES GARDNER, who has been giving the B.B.C. most of the aviation news scoops lately, was first with the facts about the new British world speed-record plan. It seems that the new Vickers-Armstrongs Attacker with swept-back wings may be used and that the course may be near Khartoum.

This locality would give the British pilot even better conditions for reaching a high speed than the course the Americans have been using, for the temperature is higher. For world speed records under existing conditions it is not only necessary to have a fast aeroplane; but it is also necessary to have fast air—that is warm air.

British pilots have always had to compete with comparatively low temperatures. Both Wilson's and Donaldson's world records were set on cool or cold days when their aircraft, although still capable of reaching the same ratio of aircraft speed to sound speed (Mach number) could not produce their best absolute speed figure.

Judging from the performance of the ordinary Nene-engined Attacker in the 100 kilometres closed circuit record (well over 900 kilometres an hour) the Attacker with swept-back wings ought to have a good chance of achieving a new record.

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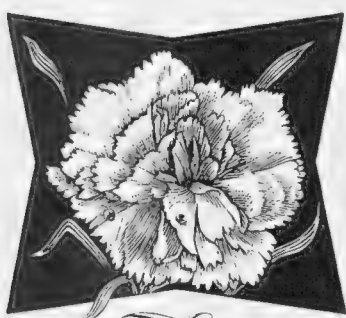
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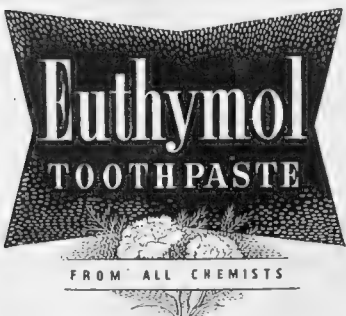
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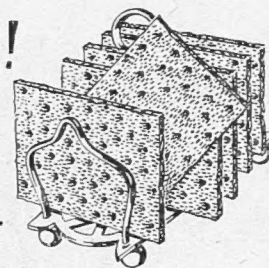


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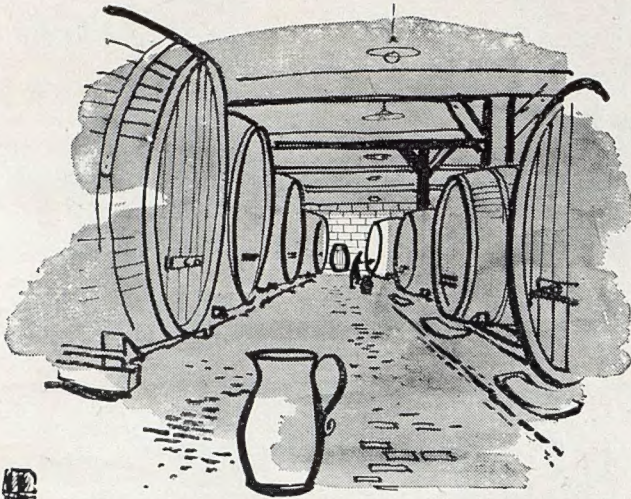


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